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2. Deviation from strict symmetry is conducive to heightening expression.

3. That deviations from strict symmetry in general forms of bodies should be based only upon differences in purpose and idea forming the basis of a part or whole of a monument.

4. That deviations from strict symmetry in detail are desirable in the degree of spiritual expression required in that part of which the detail forms a feature.

An architectural monument, conveying but a single idea, that idea being indivisible into several subordinate ideas, or if divisible into several subordinate ideas, the idea being coequal in importance, should as a whole be treated strictly symmetrically, the deviations in the symmetry of its details to be in proportion to the rank occupied by said monument in relation to elegance and refinement of purpose. For example, a *storehouse* containing a single space for the storing of goods or a series of spaces in every respect equal, should be treated symmetrically. So should a *manufacturing* establishment under the same conditions. A garden-house containing but one room, a chapter-house, a bank—all of these should be treated symmetrically, because they convey a simple idea. But while it would be sheer affectation to change forms of detail for the purpose of heightening expression in the case of the storehouse or manufacturing establishment, such change is absolutely necessary in the garden-house, the chapter-house and the bank. And while in the bank these changes should be confined to the series forming parts of the whole, in the chapter and garden-house it may be extended to every single member, constituting a detail or a symmetrical portion of a detail.

On the other hand, an establishment for the manufacture and sale of goods, containing also offices contiguous and other more important departments, a college, a legislative hall, a parish church, a theatre, inasmuch as the idea they are based upon is dividable into several subordinate but unequal elements, should be treated as a series of in themselves symmetrical parts; not necessarily symmetrical with each other, but the deviations from strict symmetry of the masses must increase in the ratio of the importance of the building.

Thus, while a simple grouping of a few windows, their increased size and somewhat richer detail (without variation of individual forms, say one window different from the other, or one side of a window in relation to the other side) in a range of symmetrically arranged openings, in the same general outline of the whole building, is

sufficient to distinguish the counting-rooms from the rest of a manufacturing establishment; the chancel of a church or the chapel of a college, the great hall of a legislative chamber, need an absolutely separate form, not only not symmetrical with the rest (although in itself symmetrical), but exaggerated in its bulk as well as detail, and with such variation in detail as may be warranted by the importance of the said parts of the building.

(To be continued.)

PAINTING AND MUSIC.

BY ATHANASE BLÄNCKE.

THESE arts have a much closer connection than we generally imagine. Indeed, we have only to think how we use the same words for both. Do we not speak of the harmony of colors as well as of that of notes? We talk of tones in a picture, and tones in music; and though the terms have never been so employed, I do not see why we should not have different keys. Surely no one will say that Turner paints in the same key as Paul Veronese, or that Raffael and Ostade use the same chords.

Then what is melody in music is melody in painting. We all know that a musician may have a perfect mechanical control over his instrument, and that he may harmonize so correctly that not a fault can be found; but yet his music will not touch our hearts; he has not the secret, the genius of melody. Just the same with painters. The coloring and drawing may be perfect, but where is that nameless, mysterious charm, which seduces and enchains us?—the melody, in short. Harmony is there and we admire and turn away, thinking of something else.

I have heard, in the wild steppes of Russia, simple airs whose plaintive notes moved me to tears, and I have seen rude, unfinished sketches which made my heart beat, and my soul feel that longing after the pure and good which should be caused by true art. There was the melody, all harmony wanting, but the inspiration of genius seized me and held me fast. Now what is this melody? A difficult question truly, but yet not unanswerable.

Have you never noticed in the quaint old Byzantine paintings scattered through some of the European galleries, queer gold-grounded madonnas and stiff, uncouth saints? Have you not, I say, felt the life breathing through them? Have you not felt that the artist has thrown his whole strength into them, has infused into them his own individuality? It is the same with all the

best painters, Raffael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, though perhaps this latter possessed more harmony than melody. This, then, this individuality, the forcible taking possession of an idea, and imbuing and intermingling it with the artist's soul, this is the true secret of melody. It seems to me that there is great lack of it now. Artists think more of their purchasers, less of their pictures.

Why are the religious pictures of modern artists generally so tame? Because they do not truly feel what they are painting, because they do not try to put their whole heart and soul on the canvas; then for Protestants to paint madonnas is a manifest absurdity.

We must put ourselves to the work, and not only endeavor to work out the idea, not trying after originality, but truly and faithfully rendering it out as it strikes us: and pray, what kind of a picture is produced, when an artist deliberately sits down, having a little time of which to dispose, and pulling his moustaches, asks himself, "Well, what subject shall I choose, a masked ball, a holy family, or a bull-fight?" How much does that man feel of what he is painting?

Some four years ago, when I was in China, just after the capture of Canton by the allied troops, my friend, the doctor, and several other gentlemen, determined to ascend an old pagoda near the city. They had great trouble in so doing, for there was a staircase only in every alternate story, the intermediate ones having to be ascended by means of the tiling on the outside of the tower. At length, however, they reached the top story of all, and there they found, seated in solemn conclave, twelve images of Buddha, life size, made in clay. The dust was thick around them, for no one had ascended the tower beyond the first story, within the memory of man. There, for thousands of years, had sat these patient gods, waiting, never wearied, for the grand solution of all questions, their sightless eyes looking into futurity, with that same mysterious, inscrutable gaze, that same sublime expression of past pain and future hope, that we see in the Egyptian Sphinxes, memorials of a mightier civilization and a wiser race than ours, which yet is now buried in chaos.

Of these idols one had lost his head, which was lying on the floor. My friend, the doctor, was determined to show something for his expedition, and being, moreover, a resolute and active man, he brought away his trophy with infinite danger to himself, for the upper stories of the tower had been so long exposed without repair that they

were almost crumbling to pieces. Some days after, I saw this head, and I never beheld more force or beauty than in this rough clay figure. It was very rudely executed; there was no regularity in the features, which were of the Indian type; the artist was evidently no Chinaman. In that face I saw the purest melody. The eyes were closed, and in the whole countenance there was an air of repose, of past pain and suffering which was indescribably touching. If this man, this artist, had been born in Greece, he might have been equal to any Grecian sculptor; but I do not know if this rude clay face was not superior to any Jupiter or Apollo. This face had a Christian expression, if I may so call it. The resignation, sweetness and purity which mark the Christian character were there; no fierce defiance or stern endurance of pain was there, but a gentle peace and hope for the future, the sublime expression of the Christian martyr who sinks to rest, knowing that his agonies are over, and that glory and everlasting life await him. It was a face, which on seeing, would immediately suggest to you, "How much that man has suffered."

I am sure that the creator of this work of art felt with his subject, and as his untutored fingers molded the stiff clay, his heart throbbed and beat with pity and sorrow for the great grief he was portraying; though that grief was over, for have we not all felt dismayed in contemplating the pain endured by noble minds? That man, that Indian, threw his whole soul into his work and individualized it. In all things it is the same, in painting, poetry and music. Without this subjectivity there is no expression, no melody.

Brother artists, remember this; it is no new theory that I advance, but it is one that cannot be too well impressed on your minds. Be yourselves, and you will be true artists.

BELIEVE in human nature, treat it fairly, and it will right itself. There is a divine element at work within it which it is impious to distrust. Sects and parties originate in prejudice, ignorance and selfishness. They will disappear in the light of knowledge and love. The pure religion of Christ carries an authority with it which will be better understood and more fully responded to, the more our inward nature is developed—from its presenting an ideal toward which our common humanity aspires, and in which we can all see reflected the consciousness of our spiritual unity.—*Nat. Review.*

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, when finishing with consummate care a picture intended for some semi-barbarous foreign court, was asked, why he took so much pains with a picture destined, perhaps, never to come under the eye of a connoisseur. "I cannot help it," he replied; "I do the best I can, unable, through a tyrant feeling that will not brook offence, to do anything less."